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My Brother and I

By PETER AINSLIE

My Brother and I

A Brief Manual of the Principles
that make for a wider Brother-
hood with all mankind. 12mo,
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My Brother and I

A Brief Manual of the Principles that Make for a Wider Brotherhood with All Mankind

By
PETER AINSLIE
Author of "God and Me"

*"O God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly when they cannot see.
O God! that men might draw a little nearer
To one another. They'd be nearer Thee."*

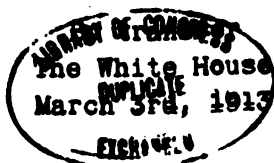


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Foreword

THE purpose of this little book is to help all those who desire to conform more perfectly to the will of God by practicing a wider brotherhood with the whole human race, of whom we all are parts.

In its companion volume, "God and Me," the personal pronoun of the third person is used in the title because it appears slightly more humble than the personal pronoun of the first person, but in this volume the personal pronoun of the first person is used because of its equality with all others. In neither case must the personal pronouns be understood as referring exclusively to the author, but to every one who reads these pages.



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A Morning Prayer



UR Father, Thou, who hast given me to my brother and my brother to me, hast given us both sleep upon Thine arms and rest under the shadow of Thy countenance. With the coming of the day, we hear within ourselves the premonitions of a wider brotherhood, as nature hears in winter days the gentle tread of the summer and begins to send forth its buds of salutation. We wait to be instructed how to remove things out of the way for the fulfillment of Thy prophecy. Give to us grace as we minister in the sacraments of daily life that our hearts may be emptied of suspicion, prejudice, insincerity and indifference. If one be angered, give to the other that love that suffereth long and is kind and let neither of us lose faith in the other nor cease to serve for the other's good. Grant that we may become neither weary nor sad as we feel each other's thorns and carry the scars of a sympathy that has served the other, but enable us to live the life of brothers, through Jesus Christ, the brother of us all. Amen.

My Brother and I

ALL men are my brothers and I am brother to all mankind. The dirt of the plain is akin to the dirt of the mountain. The waters of the sea are a part of the waters of the upland brook. *Humanity is one.* Conditions change, but nothing can break the tie of my common kinship with all mankind.

I am neither above nor below men, but I stand on the level with them all and all whom I look in the face bear the marks of my brother. Cares may have burdened them, sin may have scarred them, the rugged way may have tired them, but *out of the weariness, I spell the language of brotherhood*, for my brother and I are in the same battle and elbow touches elbow in the contention for the mastery.



One of the most ancient doctrines in the history of mankind is that we are keepers of each other. It was the second part of the earliest religion, which had as its counterpart fellowship with God. These are the two basic principles upon which rest the happiness and hope of the human race. Separate one from the other and neither is true to itself, but combine them in an individual and religion becomes a life with stupendous keeping power. *It keeps the one who keeps the two*

principles in himself, and of this one Jesus affirmed that none would be able to snatch him out of the Divine keepership, for religion is then in its rightful place and the machinery of life moves smoothly. It is the irregular and the improper that make things miserable. Therefore the first lesson of life is to learn to make these two principles as natural in oneself as eating or walking.

My brother and I must hold within our lives fellowship with God, if we would maintain the keepership of each other, for these are dependent one upon the other. To hold God within me, I must hold all mankind and likewise, if I would hold all mankind within my heart, I must hold God within its centre. Two worlds are within us and no one lives right unless he is a citizen of both.

We are guardians of each other. Differences in dispositions, religion, politics and races have no right to destroy that guardianship. It is so written upon the human heart and the Scriptures declare that the one way to live is "*not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others.*" There is no escape. Right is the only standard of life. Out of the scandal of its neglect, out of God's call from our own hearts, out of the Scriptures there is but one voice, and that is the charge of fidelity to the trust, for my brother must stand guard for my defense and I must stand guard for him. *Every man must be a fortress for his fellow man, else life is below the plane of manhood.*

Keepership means something. Above the keep-

ing of health, of social position and of wealth is the simple keeping of all mankind. Everything else passes away. Only humanity bears the permanency of immortal life. I am charged by all the past and all the present and all the future to guard my brother's interest and only when I have ministered at the altar of human fidelity are the sacraments of human love in one's loneliness, human help in one's need and human forgiveness in one's wrong-doing the channels through which Divine love and Divine help and Divine forgiveness flow into my own soul. *In the sanctuary of our human ministry, the soul finds its way to the altar of Divine grace.*



It is affirmed by the earliest of both sacred and profane writers that God made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth. In the very opening of the Old Testament, it is said: "*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*," which made at one stroke brotherly love the ideal practice of the whole world and then for fear that the Hebrews might misunderstand it and think that it applied only to brotherly love among themselves, in a few sentences later, it was said: "*The stranger that dwelleth with you . . . thou shalt love him as thyself*." Both Cleanthes and Aratus wove this same thought into their poems and declared that the human race was the offspring of God, while Plato called Him "the father of noble children" and Plutarch said that the soul is

"not only made by Him, but begot by Him." Jesus affirmed it with such force as to make the brotherhood of mankind and the practice of universal benevolence one of the distinctive features of Christianity.

In the beginning of history, those born of the same parents, and particularly those born of the same father, were called "brothers" and gradually the term passed to all kinsmen and later to all tribesmen and then to all covenant makers and finally it came to mean all fellow men, who are the sons of the same God. *It is a great genealogical table that extends from my brother and me back to God.* The Hebraic, Arabic and Aramaic stocks reach back to Shem, as the various African stocks reach back to Ham and the Hindu, Persian, Greek, Latin and Anglo-Saxon reach back to Japheth—these three are the sons of Noah, whose line reaches back to "*Adam, the son of God.*" In the genealogy of Jesus, we see His common sonship and His common kinship and so, beneath the eye of God, all fellow men have their genealogical tables, reaching back to the common parentage and woven about with a web of kinship with all mankind. *But brotherhood is more than ancestral lines, for there is an underlying sentiment, indefinable and undeniable, that confirms the genealogy.*

All peoples have one common ancestor and the stamp of brotherhood is on the countenance, although countenances differ; it is in the speech, although speeches are diverse; it is in the heart, which among all peoples has maintained a constant crying for the common Father. *Distance and unlikeness do not al-*

ter the case any more than the distance between the sunrise and the sunset would exclude one of them from a part of the day, or the difference between the bloom of the dahlia and the bloom of the buttercup would exclude one of them from the family of flowers. *No, we are one.* Some may speak with another language, others may dress in different costumes and still others may be occupants of the dark dens of sin, but all these are my brothers and I am brother to them, for God is the Former of the body, the Father of the soul and the Founder of the nations and, in all hearts, He has implanted brotherliness that all might give themselves both to mutual affection and mutual service. The failure of one does not exonerate another. *Whatever my brother does, I must still be brother to him.* We have the same natures; we are fellow men of the same family; we are parts of the same household.

The oneness in origin, ancestry and sentiment argues for peace between my brother and me, and for both my brother and me to be in the fellowship of Christ not only adds new strength to our ties by awakening in us both new motives for the recognition of the kinship, but Divine girdles mysteriously bind us to each other, for *the blood of Christ is stronger for brotherhood than the blood of father or mother.* It is not the doctrine that interests me, but the practice of the principle that has its charm, for brotherhood among men is but a passing fancy unless Christ be the tie. So long as visions reach out towards Him, hearts will beat towards each other, for the fraternal bond of humanity, strengthened by

the Christ-implemented principles of pure and lovely obedience, makes us line up together in holy worship to the Father of us all. Conditions may lead one into poverty and another into wealth, one into obscurity and another into fame, one into sin and another into holiness, *but these are still my brothers*, upon whichever path I may find myself, for

*"Humanity is one ; no weakest brother
Can fail or falter, sin or suffer woe,
But that the suffering reacheth every other
And all the world with him doth fainter grow.*

*"Humanity is one ; who thinks to conquer
By crushing down a weaker in the way,
Knows not that in his own unreasoning rancour
He beateth down the steps that lead to day.*

*"Humanity is one ; thou that o'ercomest,
O thou be strong for those who are but weak ;
So shall a thousand triumph where thou winnest
And many find what few know how to seek."*



Because of our common genealogy and because of the Christ-implemented principles, my brother and I
FELLOWSHIP are under obligations to practice fellowship between ourselves. Although the principle is as old as the human race, our English word reaches back only a little more than a thousand years and is Icelandic in origin, being from *fe*, property, and *lag*, a laying together—a laying together with others one's property for the good of all, but back of this the root idea is the giving of both

one's property and one's self and nowhere is this so clearly expressed as when the Apostle, commending the churches of Macedonia, said: "Beseeching us with much entreaty in regard to this grace and the fellowship in the ministering to the saints; and this not as we had hoped, but *first they gave their own-selves to the Lord and to us* through the will of God."

This is a fundamental principle in Christian life. Christ gave Himself to my brother and me and I give myself fully to Christ only when I give myself both to Christ and to my brother. *Fellowship is the passing of one's self to another.* It is the voluntary mingling of influences, services, monies, prayers, hopes, plans, personalities and sufferings. One of Paul's chief desires was to have fellowship in the sufferings of Christ and he had it, for his sufferings mingled with the sufferings on Calvary—Christ suffered for him and he suffered for Christ's sake. When I share my brother's joys and sorrows, he and I have fellowship one with the other. *Few things in life belong to one alone.* Exclusiveness is opposed to the fundamental principles of humanity and solitariness is an abnormal state. "*We are members one of another.*" The fact of this is presented by the Apostle as a reason for the practicing among ourselves of veracity, sincerity and uprightness, and these tend to strengthen the ties, while the opposites of these dissolve them.

All walls levelled before the vision of Jesus. *He stood brother to all men.* It must be so between my brother and me for he and I are comrades in the

common struggle of life. Sometimes our parallel, sometimes they cross, sometimes v face to face, but all the while there remains t us the tie of comradeship, for our time, thoug energies are employed in furthering some task and because one is holding a position of nence and another a place of obscurity, or t is here and another is thousands of miles awa not destroy the comradeship any more t diversity of wheels in a factory and their d apart destroy their dependence upon each Ours is the machinery of human life and the i ities and irregularities of the output are due broken and disorganized machinery, whic designed to be as beautiful and as perfect solar system and some day it will possess the that now adorns and the unity that now cont orbs of heaven.

Fellowship is brotherhood in action. It ideal becoming practical. It is the normal co of kinship. Sometimes my brother and failed at this and some time we will doubt again, but the principle remains and its cons tion is a necessity. That which is of special to my brother and me is that the practice of ship between ourselves shall become a per reality in our own lives, for we both are ple it by our common fellowship with Christ.

In the eyes of every one, the unselfish gi one's self or one's possessions for the good o is an inexpressible charm. Even nature's g

us. Thousands go to Niagara Falls every year and the fascination is that the river is giving itself away. Two flowers are in the parlour and we unconsciously go to the one that is the most fragrant because the flower is emitting the soul of itself. We catch the inspiration of a bright and beautiful morning and the secret is that while the sun and atmosphere have combined, to give their best to us, we have given ourselves to the day. There is fellowship in the atmosphere, but every one does not feel it, as every one does not participate in the fellowship with all mankind. In the glory of the brightest morning, some are complaining and dissatisfied: These cannot receive the inspiration of the day, for to them all moments are drudgery and there is no beauty anywhere. *It must not be so with my brother and me.*

The gifts of selves are mile-posts in history. They have made epochs in time. David Livingstone was not the only man that ever went to Africa, but because he gave himself away that Africa might be lifted into civilization, his name will remain above all others in the modern history of that continent. India was controlled for a long period by mercenary men. They were there for personal profit and their names are unknown. William Carey gave himself to India and he will ever remain among the first in the civilization of that great empire. For three hundred years before Christ, thousands had been crucified and thousands have been crucified since, but that which makes the Man, who was crucified on the hill outside of Jerusalem, the most fascinating

personage of all ages is that He literally and absolutely gave Himself away for the good of all mankind and nowhere has fellowship been made so practical and carried to such widths and heights of service as by Jesus Christ, and the history of Christianity has been His reflection, although sometimes the practice has been blurred in the twilight of faltering faith.



Amid the failures of mankind, none are more marked than the lack of faith between my brother and me. It is a part of my lack of
 FAITH IN MEN faith in God. The two principles cannot be separated. My suspicion of mankind reveals my suspicion of God, just as one of the evidences of my faith in God is expressed in the faith which I have in men. *Each is measured by the other.* To undermine the foundations of one is to undermine the foundations of the other and both will fall into ruin. For me to say that I have faith in God, but that I have no faith in men is to state an impossibility and is as absurd as for my brother to affirm that he has no faith in God, but that he has abundance of faith in mankind. Both positions are false, for *faith in one is inseparably bound up with faith in the other* and are principles coexistent with the race.

It is the foundation of Christianity. *Because of God's faith in men, He gave His Son to die for mankind.* In spite of our unfaithfulness, God has

faith in my brother and me and we must have faith in Him and in each other if we are to contribute anything to the program of God. Because there are difficulties in attaining this is no more reason for discouragement than difficulties in attaining other possessions in life. Education, trades and professions have their difficulties, but millions master them. The mysteries of God baffle us, but we believe in Him. *The problems of faith in men are no more difficult than any of these.* Deception, insincerity and unfaithfulness between my brother and me widens the breach, until one or the other comes to understand that we are both among the imperfect and are brothers with all the possibilities of achievement within ourselves, for *there are promises in every soul that only faith in the person can bring to fulfillment*, so that I may say to the one who has faith in me :

*" Because of your strong faith I kept the track
Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well-nigh
spent.*

I could not meet your eyes if I turned back ;
So on I went.

*" Because you would not yield belief in me,
The threatening crags that rose my way to bar,
I conquered inch by crumbling inch—to see
The goal afar.*

*" And though I struggle towards it through hard
years,
Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within,
' You can ! ' unwavering my spirit hears ;
And I shall win."*

If men are unfaithful that is no reason that I should thrust them aside, but the fact of their deception furnishes an opportunity for me to cultivate faith in the deceiver, and, if I am slow to take up the task, I need but go back over my own path and somewhere I will find my own unfaithfulness, perhaps to men, and if I am honest with myself, I will have little difficulty in finding my own unfaithfulness to God, while God has not lost faith in me. *The enrichment of my soul depends upon my possession of the key of faith in God and men*, which unlocks all the doors of God's treasure house and sets me a brother to all mankind.

*"Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.*

*"Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth ;
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth."*

Our ability to trust is one of the chief assets of our redemption—to trust when sight fails. My brother and I practice this towards God ; we must practice it towards men. Perhaps, through our defective vision there is some one in whom there appears nothing of any worth, as no stars are visible the distant sky to the naked eye of the astronomer but, when he looks through the telescope, sees plainly the beauty of the distant worlds, as we my brother and I look through the eyes of Jesus

see that there is some good in all men. *Faith believes in the brotherhood of mankind and hope waits for its fulfillment.*



The human race is the great broken body of God and there is a mysterious sympathy between us all.

SYMPATHY Sorrow in the home of a neighbour brings pain to all of those in that circle and the cry of famine from a people thousands of miles away causes a wave of sympathy to sweep around the world, as when one part of our bodies is hurt the whole body feels it, for our bodies are the prophetic similitudes of the race. *The world is crammed with prophecies of better things and, even in the broken race, we read the prophecy of its mending.*

When I share my brother's burdens, they lessen, and when he shares my joys they increase, and since I am brother to all mankind, I must set myself cheerfully to the task of dividing sorrows and multiplying joys. It is a long lesson in arithmetic and perhaps to me it may be more difficult to learn than it was to learn the multiplication table, but the knowledge of the multiplication table is no more essential to working the simplest sums in arithmetic than the practicing of division of sorrows and multiplication of joys is essential to right living. *A single miscalculation upsets a whole line of figures. My failure to be sympathetic affects the whole life of my brother.* His cry of distress must find an echo in my heart, as a sound in the mountains finds its echo in the distant passes.

The heart chords are made to vibrate at the mere touch of the sorrows or joys of others—more sensitive than the keys of a piano, which sometimes when struck will cause a vibration from an open piano in the same room. For my brother to carry in his bosom that Divine sensitiveness for the good of all puts him in possession of incalculable wealth and enables his soul to act upon others like the April atmosphere upon tulip bulbs and violet roots.

*“ Ho, brother, it's the hand clasp and the good word
and the smile*

*That does the most and helps the most to make the
world worth while !*

It's all of us together, or it's only you and I —

A ringing song of friendship, and a word or two
of cheer,

Then all the world is gladder, and the bending
sky is clear !

*“ It's you and I together—and we're brothers one
and all*

Whenever through good fellowship we hear the
subtle call,

Whenever in the ruck of things we feel the help-
ing hand

Or see the deeper glow that none but we may un-
derstand —

*Then all the world is good to us and all is worth
the while ;*

Ho, brother, it's the hand clasp and the good word
and the smile ! ”

The human heart is hungry for sympathy and each of us is here to supply the wants of the other. Within ourselves are inexhaustible springs, which, if allowed to pour forth their streams of sympathy, en-

rich both my brother and me ; but, if withheld, make us morbid and those about us unhappy. *My brother and I can be beautiful within only when we give to each other our sympathy*, which accomplishes more good than gifts of money or incessant toiling for another and renders a service that goes to unite the race as nothing else can do.

Because one is gruff and acrimonious is no reason that he cannot be brought to kindness, for his heart is just like mine, but some time all the streams of sympathy about him went dry, just as streams of water go dry in a drought and love within him withered, as flowers wither for want of water. *I have sympathy for the withered flowers. Shall I not have sympathy for my brother's withered heart?* Away with harsh criticism of others! My heart would have been like his had I stood long in the drought of human sympathy. The withered flower lingered in life and held tightly to its dying leaves. It must have been so with my brother. He tried to find the springs of sympathy within himself, when all around him were dry, but all within him withered beneath the heavy drought and now I can speak to him only in the language of human pity.

Out of the rain and the sunshine, the fields and the gardens and the orchards revive and I find there a single sentence in nature's commentary on my heart's duty and it is that I must give sympathy to my unsympathetic brother if he is to become sympathetic to mankind, for *the only way to make others anything is to be that thing ourselves*. Any one can

sympathize with one who sympathizes with him, but only the man who is sincere with God can practice sympathy to the unsympathetic.

There is no religion without it. Jesus mercilessly denounced those who were devoid of sympathy for their fellow men and I know not that He used the power of His invectives against any others. It is the heresy of mankind. *Correct doctrines are dead men's bones if they are not clothed with the flesh of human sympathy.* The cold world suffers bitterly for the want of each other's love. *Sympathy is the interpreter of life*, for nothing can be understood apart from it. Man himself is an unsolved enigma without sympathy, a bundle of impossibilities ; but, when sympathy awakens, it knows no bounds and respects neither prudence, partiality nor ceremony, but moves as quick as thought. It is limited neither to the proximity of persons nor to their congeniality, but it reaches across oceans and continents and holds friendly intercourse with all races and classes. *It is the universal solvent*, capable of meeting all obligations and, in its practice, it proclaims the brotherhood of mankind.

Nothing is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of itself at the exclusion of all others, even if that thought is of its own soul's salvation. Others need us and we are debtors to all. Perhaps the man who sat by us yesterday in the car was muttering, "*No man careth for my soul*" as millions are thinking in all parts of the earth to-day. We are here to help *each other carry* the burdens of life and I must forget

myself for my brother's good, for *a selfish person is as incompetent for God's service as one who is drunk.*
My sympathy for others must make me servant to all.

" There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content ;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament ;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran —
*But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.*

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by —
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban —
*Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.*

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardour of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
*But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both part of an infinite plan —
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."*



Religion is not only man's faith in and obedience to God, but *love, patience, heroism, kindness and fidelity towards men.* The two cannot be separated, but between the religious and the irreligious there must necessarily be a breach, because *religion is the normal condition of*

mankind, but the breach is not a discouragement, for one of the distinctive purposes of religion is to hold all mankind into one brotherhood and, whenever that brotherhood is broken, it is the purpose of religion to win the irreligious back to the standard of God and the prophecy of triumph is in the energy of the task.

Nowhere are definitions put to such tests and personal convictions so sensitive as in our approach to religion and here in many instances we are most severely separated. Anathemas, maledictions and withdrawals crowd in to break our natural ties, but it must not be forgotten that *life and religion are one, while religion and theology are two different things*. My brother and I are separated not so much upon religion as upon theology, which is an attempt to explain religion and too frequently the explanation is taken for religion, as one sometimes mistakes the passing clouds for the permanent blue of the changeless sky.

Religion is universal and reaches back to the beginning of time. It has frequently been wrecked by sin, *but whenever those sacred duties to God and man are unselfishly performed, there is religion*. Church services and ordinances contribute to it, but neither of these is religion any more than hooks and nets are fish. Six days of selfishness and one hour in the remaining day for worship will not contribute anything to religion, for religion has to do with the office, the factory, the shop, the farm, the home, the *street and everywhere that a man is*. It is living

right towards God and men. My brother and I often fail at it ; but, so long as we keep before us the ideal, our vision will be clear for application to the task and what the soul sees it will finally attain.

Theology is the science of the fact of religion, and as all sciences have changed through the years, theology is not unlike the rest, only its changes have been slower and harder fought, but it belongs to the changeable, as religion belongs to the changeless, except in the rise and fall in individual life. *It is the angle from which my brother and I see spiritual facts.* The view-point is coloured by temperament, nationality and training. Had Christianity sprung out of Paganism instead of out of Judaism, it would have presented a different complexion, although Christ would have been the same as God is the same.

Our theories do not affect the facts any more than the Copernican theory of the solar system changed the planetary motion, *but the right view-point of the facts change us—a necessity too frequently overlooked in our seeking for the normal adjustment.* When my brother and I shall have gotten the same angle of Christ, who is the truest revelation of God to men, we will find the broken chords of brotherhood and our paths will blend as we seek together for the throne of grace and pardon.

Only facts can speak to facts and *the two greatest facts in the universe are God and mankind. The soul can find satisfaction only in its perfect adjustment to God, and religion is that adjustment.* Theology appeals to the speculative intellect, but it can-

not carry nourishment to the souls of men. *Only religion can do this.* Jesus Christ is the highest expression of religion and my brother and I are to devoutly look to Him. It must be the personality of Christ and Christ alone, whose open secret of life gives peace to the soul.

The theories of the incarnation and the atonement have to do with theology, but the fact of Jesus being the only begotten Son of God and dying for my brother and me belongs to religion. Whether the Holy Spirit came from the Father or from the Son, or whether my sins were forgiven before or after my baptism, or whether my brother prays extemporaneously and I read my prayers out of a book, or whether my brother likes an informal worship and I an elaborate ritual are matters of theology; but whether I have the Holy Spirit within me, or whether I forgive every one who has wronged me, or whether my brother and I really pray, or whether we both worship God through Jesus Christ, our Lord—these are matters of religion. Too frequently our theological differences are erroneously called our religion and, upon these differences, we break fellowship with each other, establish different paths and, sometimes out of our egotism and intolerance, we hinder the progress of truth, *whereas one may radically change his theology without it so much as effecting his religion.*

“ *Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The separate altars that we raise,
The varying tongues that speak Thy praise!* ”

- " Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to Thee,
Thy Church our broad humanity.
- " *White flowers of love its walls shall climb,*
Sweet bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.
- " The hymn, long sought, shall then be heard,
The music of the world's accord,
Confessing Christ, the inward word !
- " That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One faith, one love, one hope restore
The seamless garb that Jesus wore ! "

The balm of Christ will heal the broken brotherhood, for He is brother to us all. I must be patient and courteous with my brother, whose theological views are different from mine, for difference of thought has no right to break brotherhood between him and me. Only life can do that. He has looked at Christ from another angle and I have no more right to doubt his honesty and courage than he has to doubt mine, and so long as Jesus Christ is to us both our Saviour and Lord, opinions about how to find Christ should not separate us, for *the unity of believers is essential to the universal knowledge of Christ*. My brother going his way and I going mine makes us both incompetent to rightfully witness the truth of heaven to the world of sin. *We must go together if we would go with power*. Division is the scandal of time and not until the fact of faith in and love to God and men shall rise above our theories of the fact, will the way be opened for a united church to lead the broken race into a perpetual

brotherhood. When the theological rubbish shall have been removed, we both will see that we have been standing in the light and our sin shall have been that what we had thought, we had made in our own eyes as Divine as God, whereas our thoughts had only been clouds moving across the sky of truth.

Whatever causes there may have been for division in the Church of Christ years ago, those conditions have now disappeared and repentance and love must have precedence. *It is the beginning place of universal brotherhood.* The early Church was one and Jesus prayed for the continuation of that oneness. Not only does the Apostle's clear denunciation of the threatened division in the Church in his day apply to this age, but the very spirit and genius of Christianity deny the right of division to exist in the body of Christ. Said Ruskin, "*Whenever . . . we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong and in the devil's power.*" That is the essence of the Pharisee's prayer of thanksgiving. 'Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are.' At every minute of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ from other people, but in what we agree. *And the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good, then do it.* Push at it together. You cannot quarrel in a side-by-side push. But the moment that even the best man stops pushing and begins talking, he mistakes his pugnacity for piety, and it is all over."

The achievements of all the good, irrespective of

their theological speculations, are the common property of my brother and me. Whether one wore vestments and another burned incense under Gothic arches and another sang his psalms and another gave his message on the streets in a Salvation Army garb are of secondary importance by the side of whether I have vision to see in my brother's heart his conflict with unholiness as have I and his laying hold of the same throne of pardon and peace, upon which I long ago laid my trembling hand. The fascination of the heart chamber has obscured all the exterior; for *the heart's altar, incense and sacrifice are the buttresses to the brotherhood between my brother and me.*

Religion is expressed in life and its language is human conduct. Declarations of faith and promulgations of dogmas may serve as evolutions of thought, but I prefer my brother's prayers as evidences of living faith—real prayer from the toilsome, weary and burdened heart, that tells the story of a life broken and imperfect, but still seeks to conform to the model of Christ.

"If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, *let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.*
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Because my brother and I differ in opinions, temperament, environment and nationality is no reason that we should disagree. With all our differences, and they are as many as there are individuals, *conflict with one another is an abnormal condition*. The elms and the oaks do not disturb the forests by their differences any more than the gardens are disturbed by the differences between the roses and the dahlias and *my brother and I are beginning to learn from the forests and the gardens that there may be differences among ourselves without disagreements*. This is the message of Jesus. The practice of love, honesty, justice, liberal-mindedness and toleration sets smooth edges against the rough of the opposites and these smooth edges will wear away the roughness as drops of water wear away the stone.

It must not be overlooked that we are living in a world where conflicts are constant and my brother and I are charged by our very being to lessen the friction. If he wrongs me, I must tell him wherein he has wronged me that he may have the opportunity to set it right; if I wrong him, he must do the same with me and I must not hesitate to remove all the suspicions of injury. *If my heart refuses to respond to this nobility of action, it remains for me to deal heroically with myself, for after all the greater issue lies within me than about me*. If possible, the disagreement must find a settlement and, if I have done my best to that end and failed in that I have no response from him, I must send one to speak in

my behalf and, if this fails, I must be contented to suffer the wrong, for some day God will set my failure right and His grace supplies my patience.

However severe, no disagreement between my brother and me should ever lead us to refuse to salute each other. That is a baseness that puts the one who does it beneath the cause of the disagreement. I must look my brother in the face until back of the features I shall see the material out of which God is trying to make perfected manhood and, *before God's making, I must present my humility, for the other hand of my Father is in my own bosom, working with those same stubborn materials that I too may be like the Divine model.* We are both bound to help rather than hinder and one's failure does not release the other from fidelity, but rather intensifies the obligation to duty. I can condemn wrong and must, but my heart must be closed to harshness and in wrath my tongue must lie back of sealed lips like swords in their scabbards, lest I unnecessarily wound him whom God has charged me to defend. Perhaps I shall sometimes fail at it, but out of my own heart's experience, I will find that even my failures have helped me to see my brother's need.

“ Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
 Bearing his load on the rough road of life ?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
 In blackness of heart ?—that we war to the knife ?
 God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

“ God pity us all as we jostle each other ;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down ; poor, heart-broken brother,
Pierced to the heart ; words are keener than steel,
And mightier, far, for woe and for weal.

“ Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye, in dust at his side?

“ *Look at the roses saluting each other ;*
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain —
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain —
Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain.”

It is the base within us that sometimes drives us into the madness of mortal conflict. In our differences, my brother and I can contend for justice, plead for peace, advocate arbitration or suffer wrong, but *nowhere can we find the right to fight each other, whether as individuals or as nations.* In doing it, we not only violate the principles of Christ, but likewise the principles of our human brotherhood, for man-killing belongs to savagery.

Besides, wars do not settle disagreements. They may force the weaker into submission, as they usually do, but the disagreement is still there and, with the weaker, there remains for ages the sting of being twice wronged by the strong, for right has no place in the annals of war and its devastation proclaims its crime. It is the principle of the brute in contrast to *the principles of Christ, who seeks by moral power*

to right human wrongs and in whom there is sufficient power to set right all the wrongs of mankind. Whatever may have been the conditions in the past, in this day a civilized nation that declares war practically forfeits its right to sit as a teacher of ethics to this century. If a nation's cause is just, it need not fear the decision of arbitration and, if the arbitration is unjust, it is only a tithe of injustice that the nation would have gotten upon the battle-field, while the nation that refuses to arbitrate is at once guilty of the crime of forcing its adversary to the unrighteous field of battle. *The whole equipment of war needs to be relegated to another age.*

“Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

“*The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !*
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Should wear forevermore the curse of Cain !”

In most nations, the great monuments are to warriors, only Scotland, who has, however, been no less famous for its soldiers, has its chief monument to a man of letters. If a nation must build monuments to the men whose fame was achieved on the battle-field, it might be better if these figures in brass and marble were dressed in plain civilian garb as a reminder of the real strength of manhood.

The brotherhood of the race has never been ad-

vanced by cannon, bullets and swords. There may have been material advancement, but religion is always set back when force is the means of progress. Jesus said, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword" and every civilization that is established by force shall go into decay. *Only righteousness exalteth men.*



Every life has its mistakes and, to souls that are sensitive and proud, mistakes cover them with shame and drive them into discouragement, **MISTAKES** but here is one of our battles and, if our hearts are brave, mistakes cannot bar us from the hill of victory. They did not when, as infants, we learned to walk and, as children in school, we learned to read and write and with every one those early years are crowded with mistakes. *We are still learning and while the lessons get harder, the principle of mastery grows stronger.*

My brother and I get wrong understandings of each other. He appears to be other than he really is and doubtless in his eyes I appear likewise and this leads us unconsciously into erroneous estimations of each other, when all the while he has been as faithful to me as I would have been to him, in the same circumstances with which he has been surrounded and perhaps circumstances so sacred that he had rather be misunderstood by me than divulge the sad secret of his heart. After years, perhaps, I shall see that instead of being unfaithful and insincere, he

has been true and courageous and my mistake will have been that I hastened too quickly to an opinion.

It is easy to misjudge another. These are busy days and we do not take the time to investigate some hearsay story, which has become neighbourhood gossip, and on it we express an opinion, which is just the thing Jesus said that we must not do: "*Judge not, that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge, ye will be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you.*" Like in so many other instances, He not only gives us the principle, but tells us why we should practice it. Misjudgment will some time come back on the one who misjudges. It may be proper to express an opinion on facts, and frequently it is our duty to do so, but to have an opinion on every hearsay betrays our lack of concern in the brotherhood of mankind. Misjudgment is a disease, of which society is to be healed, and Christ is dealing with individuals in the cure of the race. *For the health of the soul and the triumph of Christ, my brother and I are bound to try to practice caution in opinions of each other.*

Even the actions of others do not always give us the right to act. Back of all actions are motives and nowhere are we so incompetent as weighing the motives of others. Mistakes are made in the simplest calculations and how much more complex when one attempts to steal his way into the private chamber of another's motives. Although this way be ever so improper, which, however, is very common to man-

kind, yet my brother and I are making mistakes in the things that we ought to do, but this need not discourage us, for there is no lesson too hard for him and me to master if we try. The best things of our experience have come out of our mistakes.

Beneath the past years lie human imperfections, like the barren hills and yawning gullies break the fruitful fields that lie stretched beneath the march of the sun. It is true that mistakes mar the beauty of human life, but they likewise are full of thought and, if one is wise, mistakes take him into the school-room of humility, mortification, self-examination, caution and resolution. They show us the folly of vanity, insincerity and pride and send us to prayer and stir within us a deepening desire for those graces of the heart that give culture to the soul.



Labour is honourable, but indolence is criminal. My brother and I have been made for work. The formation of our bodies and our capabilities declare this and the whole world is a garden calling for the workmen—the fields, the shops, the factories, the laws of nature, the realm of thought, the world of service and the achievements of the soul, *everywhere man meets up with the undeveloped and the undone and these are so many invitations to his activities.* Motion is in all the laws of nature and action is the salvation of mankind.

Every indolent person is so much of wasted energy and personal immorality. *Work is healthy. It is*

back of all results, whether food, clothes, pleasure, knowledge or spirituality. Power to work is greater than genius and the permanent achievements of the world must be traced back to those who found the art of plodding. It has made artists, historians, inventors, merchants, missionaries, discoverers, preachers, mechanics, financiers, physicians, statesmen, teachers, lawyers and Christians. It is the one class to whom this world belongs.

Few like the work that they are doing. Restlessness for something else has always been characteristic of mankind. The work is not congenial or it is below one's ability or it is too hard, but *my brother and I must do the work that lies before us to be done* and whether we like it or not has nothing to do with our doing it, for this is not a world where all our desires are satisfied at a mere wish and besides, if we had gotten what we desired, perhaps we would have liked it no better than what we have to do, for all work has its disagreeable features, but the duty of my brother and me is to give ourselves unreservedly to what we have taken hold of and, as we advance, doors will open on either side of us for entrance into new fields of activities.

"Go to your work and be strong, halting not in
your ways,
Balking the end half won for an instant dole of
praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of hoe
and pen,
*Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a
world of men.*"

Faithful work makes character. It may be a chain in the foundry, an experiment in the laboratory, an account on the ledger, a sermon in the pulpit, the cleaning of a vessel, the making of a garment or the putting in of a screw, but whatever it is the *labour has been used to accomplish not merely the visible end, but the unconscious making of character. The work reveals the workman.* Slovenliness should be shunned as a disease, but doing things the best that one can is doing them well, although at first that doing well may be far of the achievement, but plodding will get the victory: Besides all this, *God holds the reward of labour* and the command is, "Whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord and not unto men." In the activities of my brother and me, God must be seen first. If the labour has been for money alone, then the money payment cancels the debt, but does not end the result of the unfaithful service; if the labour has been done unto the Lord and for the help of men, then the remuneration of money is only part payment for the service and the larger remuneration is reserved for the future. *All labour at its best must include God and the vision of the other world.*

"Jones, the brother of Jesus, plodded from day to day,
With never a vision within him to glorify his clay.

Jones, the brother of Jesus, was one with the heavy clod,
While Christ was the soul of rapture, and soared like
a lark with God.

"Jones, the brother of Jesus, was only a worker in wood,
And he never could see the glory that Jesus his Brother
could.



'Why stays He not in the workshop?' He often would complain,
'Hewing the Lebanon cedar, imparting to wood their stain.'

" 'Why must He go thus roaming, forsaking my father's trade,
When the hammers are busily sounding—and there is a gain to be made?'
Thus ran the mind of Joses, apt with the plummet and rule,
Deeming whoever surpassed him either a knave or a fool.

" He never had walked with the prophets, in the garden of God's bliss.
And of all the mistakes of the ages, the saddest methinks is this.
*Just to have a brother like Jesus, just to speak with Him day by day,
And never to catch the vision, that glorified His clay."*

The problems of labour are great, but Christ is the solution of these problems as He is of all others. "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them,*" must be the rule governing my brother and me, for it is the only way to the full emancipation of the burdened. If my brother is a capitalist and I a mechanic; or, if he is a unionist and I a scab, *he must remember that first of all I am his brother* and he must deal with me as he would like for me to deal with him, if he were in my place. Then he will not oppress me by scrimping my wages, neither will he drive me to starvation because I will not join his union, but he will show

me the power of kindness and I will be won to his friendship.

All men have a right to combine, but the girdle of their combination must be brotherhood, not merely to their few, but to all the race; otherwise it becomes selfish, be it a religious denomination or a labour union, and it will bear the poison of sectarianism, which is always a dishonour to the dignity of brotherhood. More than that. It contributes to privileged classes, for while all men are equal before the law, they are not equal in wage earning power, and to make the wages of all men in certain lines of work the same is to reduce life to a machinery and destroy individualism. *No; labour, like religion, belongs to us all.* If all men dropped into laziness and irreligion, the race would soon become extinct, but the union of religion and labour, both freed from all sectarianism, but not necessarily of all organization, would mean the recognition of the leadership of Christ, before whom all problems would meet their right adjustment.



As the first evidence of moral civilization is the recognition of brotherhood among men, so the first evidence of material civilization is the accumulation of wealth; but unless the principle of the first dominates the second, wealth becomes a curse, rather than a blessing, for which it was designed. When my brother sets to make a *great fortune in a short time*—a thing so common in

these days—it is done at the sacrifice of honesty, truth and equity, and when the illicit love of riches masters him, all the tender ties of brotherhood are severed and he becomes an idolater as distinctly as the idolaters of pagan countries, and civilization retrogrades. *The normal way of wealth is by industry, frugality and foresight* and it is to my brother's credit when he acquires it honestly and distributes it liberally and wisely.

When wealth is employed for production, it is called capital and sometimes it is sympathetic and kind and, at other times, it is selfish and cruel. In some instances, it has been the staff to labour and in other instances, it has been its manacles ; but, if I am a capitalist and my brother a mechanic, the evidence of my remembrance of Christ is seen in the consideration that I have for my brother in my employment. *Between him and me is an altar and we both must minister in the sacrament of mutual affection.* I owe him more than the money that I pay him, as he owes me more than the work that he does for me, for this world is not rightly the place of cold cash exchanged for the machinery of a man ; but it is where souls learn to serve each other through the friendship of Christ to all, where respect for each other's rights, where kind feelings for each other's interests, and where regard for each other personally become the controlling influences in human conduct. Until this is done, capital and labour will be hostile against each other and the approach of Christ shall have been barred to the Divine conquest of either.

It is a great honour for one individual to be the reservoir of wealth, but there are few who can stand it. To most, wealth has taken away the vision of Christ, as luxuriant trees with their heavy foliage conceal the distant landscape. Wealth in the hands of one means its distribution to many as the needs and possibilities agree. If money is used to pamper domestic vanities and personal extravagance in the midst of human suffering and want—and there are more cases of this than these pages can hold—it is the misappropriation of trust funds and, while the abuser of this trust may not line up on earth with thieves, nevertheless there is a court, before which he will be tried for embezzling the Lord's wealth, which was designed to be used to alleviate human suffering and help a weary world into hope and service.

Wealth in the hands of the wise and the consecrated is a tool with which Christ works, when the cold coin is transformed into the warmth of love, bearing fragrance and song and affection to men, until my brother and I feel within ourselves that the conquest of Christ is both practical and permanent in human souls. There are in all parts of the world schools for the education of the young, hospitals for the sick, asylums for the incurable, homes for the aged, better wages for labour and charity for the poor—*these are some of the triumphs of Christ with material wealth* that have been a perpetual reminder that Divine life is moving in the hearts of men *to bind us into brotherhood.*

Those to whom we are nearest are our first debtors. Men are not accidentally scattered over the world, but we are where God wants us to serve and *the man who has found his place need ask for no greater blessing and God's use of him will be to him the beginning of heaven.* To stand in the dark and hold a light, to be full of joy and turn the charming side of religion to the irreligious, to know the weight of a burden and lend our shoulders to the oppressed, to possess the friendship of Christ and give that friendship to the lonely are some of the things that Christ is asking us to do for our neighbours. While all nations and classes are my kin, and to them I am a debtor, yet my first duty belongs to those into whose faces I daily look and whose hands I should often clasp.

The cordial social life of the rural districts makes a striking contrast with the unsociability of crowded cities. The closer people are crowded together the further apart they are in service to each other. *There is no loneliness so painful as that of a great city.* In the multitudes' mad rush for pleasure and profit, others are forgotten, and this is where ties of brotherhood mend so slowly. Judgment is not alone in eternity, but it waits on the streets, in the stores, on the railroad train and at the doors of our houses. *The first duty of the day after communion with God is a thought for others.* Whether I live in the country or in the city, I am to be God's channel to men and wherever there is a duty to be done, God always has an angel of help for those who are willing to do

it. Two worlds are in action for the saving of this world.

*" Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand ;
Faith, hope and courage together are gone,
Reach him a helping hand ;
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light ;
Kindle, to guide him, a beacon-fire bright ;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him to stand.*

*" Somebody near you is hungry and cold ;
Send him some aid to-day ;
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.
Under his burden put hands kind and strong ;
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song ;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.*

*" Dear one, be busy, for time flieth fast,
Soon it will all be gone ;
Soon will our season of service be past,
Soon will our day be done.
Somebody near you needs now a kind word ;
Some one needs help such as you can afford ;
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord,
There may be a soul to be won."*

When a man falls by the wayside it is only a brother who can lift him up, and the greatest business in this world to-day is the lifting up of men. Commerce, finance, politics—these, now preëminently chief in the public mind, are secondary by the side of human help to a human soul. Whatever of God one has, he holds it largely that he may give it to another. The consciousness of a blessing is a Divine

invitation to help those about us. The appearance of a human face is the call for prayer from the one who sees it. The discouragement of my brother is an invitation for me to open all of the windows of my soul for the sunshine of heaven to stream through me upon him. *Nothing in human life is so beautiful as one helping another* and all the altars of the past are types of the divinity of help, reaching its climax in the common help of Jesus Christ to us all.

This is as sacred as the communion at the Lord's Supper. In fact, there can be no communion at all unless it has human help for its antecedent. Public worship, as beautiful and necessary as it is, has in it warmth and strength only when it comes up out of help to others and proposes to accelerate its speed in help to others still. The need of another is a sufficient call for the action of love. Men go down under the strong tides of pleasure, society, finance, intemperance and lust; but, when they go down, they are still men, as trees when fallen are no less trees. Proof of a stronger manhood is to come from those who stemmed the tides, and *the evidence of real strength is not so much in stemming the tides as in the lending of strength to the weak, whom the tides sweep down.*

“ So you fell just now in the mud, poor heart,
And to try to rise and be clean is vain?
*Take both my hands, now, and do your part,
So you stand on your feet again.*

“ Did nobody tell you your feet might slip?
Did some one push you? (Such things are done.)
Was your path so rough that you needs must trip?
Ah! the blame is on many—not on one.

" Sobbing still over that ugly stain ?
I may not comfort nor hush you, dear.
Through such sad tears in their burning rain
Christ and His cross show clear.

" Must you go sorrowing all your day ?
Dear, in suffering souls grow white ;
*Keep my hand through this stormy way—
See where the west turns bright."*

The need of one is the opportunity of the other. It may be a friendly visit, or a defense under some misunderstanding, or the need of a brother when one has gone altogether wrong, or financial help, or a word of kindness, or guidance out of the paths of sin, or a mere look of brotherly interest, or all these together ; but whatever be the need, it is an opportunity for me both to serve God and my brother, and at the same time to make of myself more than I am, for *my inner life has its development in meeting cases of need as far as it is possible for me to do so*. If I am too heavily engrossed with my own affairs,—and often this is the case—or if seeing it I do not respond—and this too is a common experience—*it is that much of life gone out of me*.

A lost opportunity of help to others is so much loss of life, as one when physically wounded loses so much blood and, if he loses a large quantity, he becomes pale and weak. It is so in our dealing with each other. If no opportunity to help others is met, the human soul pales and shrinks ; if we help only those we like and who like us, the development is only partial and sickly ; but, if we go to those who *need us irrespective of our likes or dislikes*, but

surely go where help is most needed, the human soul grows into the Divine image.

Love regards neither races nor nationalities, neither sinners nor saints, but goes where the need is greatest, and it is out of my brother's kind spirit and noble actions that I am transformed from a stranger into a neighbour. Places, however beautiful, cannot make neighbourhoods. *Only love can do that.* A locality may have all the natural advantages and attractions ; but, if love is not there, the heliotropes will become nightshades and the begonias will lose their brilliancy and look like thistles in a neglected field. Love not only gives beauty to the human soul, but colours every landscape with its magic charm and throws its Divine tints over all moments and makes the whole world throb with peace and joy and hope.

Money cannot buy it, neither can outward conditions produce it, but it comes from within and grows out of the depravity of human passion and guilt as sometimes fragrant, white flowers come up out of the filth of the barn-yard. The changing of locality to find the sweetness of neighbourly consideration and personal happiness is not only a fruitless undertaking but is likely to add disappointment and grief to those who seek it by that false way. *The change that is necessary is within oneself, for happiness does not flow to us, but out of us.* Our neighbours may be ever so ugly in disposition, but that does not relieve me from the necessity of changing my own disposition, for *if the neighbourhood is to be helped, why should it not begin with me ?*

" If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry ;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter hearted,

" Perhaps in some near by and by
A good time might get started ;
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me ! "

The beginning of being happy with God in heaven is here in human life with all its worries, irritations, disappointments and failures. It is the beginning of heaven when we unselfishly serve each other, when we give ourselves to meet another's need, when our actions are controlled by love, and when we set ourselves in the fear of God to make our neighbourhood beautiful in kindness, clean in worship and sweet in brotherhood. Having thus given ourselves to Christ, we can leave ourselves there and go to our task as children in the household of love.



Whether my brother lives in a republic and I in a monarchy does not relieve either of us of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

CITIZENSHIP

My brother may think that the leaders in politics, business, civic reforms and amusements are to conduct as they please these great departments of a nation's life and I must content myself to let things be as they are, but it is not so much what I would like to do as what I ought to do. I cannot escape the responsibilities of life. In my attempt to

do so, I find a picture of myself in that contemptible man who received his talent, and only one at that, and hid it in the earth. If I do not try to meet the responsibilities of human life, there will be no responsibilities for me to meet in the life beyond, for I will become as the dropped and unripe fruit. But *I am here to help clean this world and that at once gives me a voice and demands that my shoulder shall push along my message.*

The greatest obstacle to doing things that are right is frequently in the bitterness and moral un-beauty of the advocates. I must not lose sight of the fact that the man who is opposing me is my brother. In his opposition he may be selfish and immoral, but that must not change my spirit towards him, for I have not been sent to kill him, but to help him and to that end the Divine admonition is, "*Speak the truth in love.*" These are the factors of permanent conquest, and when I use the harsh and uncharitable, which I too frequently do, I become guilty of the folly of taking up the weapons of evil to establish good. It will not do. Truth spoken in love is irresistible and, if I persevere and have the patience to wait and perhaps to suffer, for the best in this world is always costly, the victory will come as sure as the tides of the sea.

Whatever my brother may think or wish, it is my duty to try to give him as pure an atmosphere to live in as that in which I live and to make as beautiful his side of the road as mine. I cannot do my best for myself until I have sought to have him on

my level. He may prefer the selfishness of partisanship, or the waste of voluptuous pleasures, or the tragedy of the saloon, but *my separation from all of these does not separate me from him.* In my failure to win him, the fault may not be altogether on his side, for I may have been unwise, untactful and unbrotherly, but to win him is my task and to try to give him the atmosphere of unselfishness, purity and brotherhood is my duty. False views of life crowd in, the passion of sin makes prisoners of manhood and wretchedness covers human souls, so that

“ *There's a shadow on the home,
Many hearts are sad to-day ;
It hushes e'en the laughter of the
Children at their play.*

“ At its coming, want and sorrow
Across the threshold creep,
And amid their broken idols
The mourning mothers weep.”

I am responsible for just that much that I can do for others, and I must do that in the fear of God, irrespective of consequences. I have my part in the lifting of shadows that fall upon others, and to do that is the summons that greets me at every sunrise.

“ It matters little where I was born,
If my parents were rich or poor ;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure ;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much !

" It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care ;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare ;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
It matters much !

" It matters little where be my grave,
On the land or in the sea ;
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me ;
But whether the angel death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much ! "

The love of one's country, obedience to its laws, support of its institutions and promotion of its welfare belong to every one who loves God and his fellow men. Among all the sciences there is none more important than the science of government, which has to do with the peace, prosperity and safety of the nation. Political parties are to patriotism as sects are to religion, and sometimes the best civic polity has been sacrificed because of a party's traditions. *Above all political parties is the brotherhood of men and, in all political matters, I am bound to stand first for my brother's good, and so politics belongs in the sphere of ethics.* In nothing that has to do with human life can we get away from morality and religion. Business standards, popular amusements and civic improvements touch all citizens. I am part of both the community and the nation.

Patriotism and religion are flowers on one stalk whose roots reach down into the love of God and men. Schools, free speech, civic morality and religious life go to make brotherhood.



My brother and I started into human life incomplete, but within each of us are latent powers with the possibilities of adjustment to the highest demands of God and our fellow men, consequently development is a necessity for the completion of our manhood and education is an effort to assist in that development. *It is not enough that one shall be prepared for the other world; he must be prepared for complete living here.* That is the purpose of human life as clearly as apple blossoms are the antecedents of apples. Jesus said, "*Ye therefore shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect*"—we, developed into perfect living in our sphere of human life, as God is perfect in His sphere of Divine life; and, out of our perfect human life, we will come into the perfection of Divine life, as the perfect apple blossoms develop into perfect apples, or as the perfect child develops into the perfect man.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the perfect child is far short of the perfect man. He does things as a child that, from a man's point of view, would be entirely improper and it would be as unhappy a judgment to measure a child's conduct by a man's point of view as to measure our human conduct by

God's point of view, but *education aids the development so that each individual may know the art of adjustment to the spiritual necessities of mankind—may find his relation to God and his fellow man.* Out of the incomplete life, common to the whole human race, rises the gradual adjustment to the highest and the best. Only those who see the heights climb up to them, and for those who do not see—and they are the larger class—there must be a willingness, on the part of those who do see, to lift up the incomplete in full view of their possibilities.

Education then not only aids the development of the individual in his constant growing away from the incomplete into the complete, so that the break with the past is as necessary as the union with the future, but *it equips individual souls to help others to find how to grow away from the incomplete into the complete.* The attainment to the best in human life becomes a passion, both for the most efficient service here as well as hereafter, so that *education's chief contribution is in throwing light upon the untrodden path of the future—not so much the future as regards the other world, but the future of our human living on earth.* Out of the knowledge of the experience of others, a reflection falls upon our advancing steps, for the experiences of all other souls are designed to speak messages to our own souls. Education accumulates, classifies and makes personal these experiences, so that the failures and successes of others are the library whose volumes we daily handle. Neither distance nor diversity of language

bars us from acquaintance with this contribution to the wholeness of life, and out of the experiences of others we learn the lessons of prudence, fidelity, kindness, perseverance, honesty, industry, hope, trust and love. *The more complete the human soul becomes, more brotherly is its thought and actions towards others and more trustful is its faith in God.*

Education does not stop at intellectual development. That is only a part of education. In fact, one who has had the best intellectual training and that alone, can under no circumstances be said to be educated or a complete man. He is like one developing his right arm until all the muscles are at their best, while the left arm is weak and flabby because it has been carried in a sling and has never been used. Such a man would be of little service in manual labour, but he is no more useless than the man that has had only his intellect developed. If one is master of a dozen languages and as many sciences, but has not had his heart and will developed, he is no more an educated person than one who can neither read nor write, but has had a remarkable development of heart life alone. *The intellect, the heart and the will must be equally developed to attain to complete living,* and educational institutions have frequently broken down in sending out for an educated man one who has only his intellect trained or one-third of himself developed.

This is a social world and my brother and I must find out how to adjust ourselves to the social life of our fellow men. We are brothers—all mankind—

but wide chasms have separated us. To bridge the chasms, to find our way to brotherhood is one of the purposes of education, consequently there can be no real education except it has to do with ethics. *The real university is the man finding out how his entire being can be put to the greatest good for God and his fellow men.* That is research and has in it the warmth of Divine enthusiasm, for education is not rightly a cold thing. There are some intellects that live in that exclusive coldness, but they are necessarily defective teachers, for *no man can teach complete living unless he is approaching it himself, and there can be no approach unless the intellect and the heart and the will are in the process of development.* This is an individual task and, whether a man spends years in a college or never matriculates in a college, whatever he acquires, he is self-taught, for every man must largely educate himself, otherwise his education is purely mechanical and useless.

Back of all teachers and colleges and universities is God, who is the supreme educator of men and the chief book of His instruction is the Bible, without some knowledge of which there can be no education, and as rich and resourceful as nature is in its revelations of God, its greatest contribution is a commentary on the Bible. This Book teaches the foundation of character and the unity of the race, as no other book. It alone furnishes us a true conception of God, which is the greatest, if not the only subject, for human contemplation. It likewise reveals that not by laws on the statute book, nor physical force can the up-

ward progress of mankind be made, but Christian education is the fundamental method. *Men come into fellowship with Christ and He teaches.* It is the duty of those who are making progress in development to give unreservedly their help to others that a complete manhood may be the product of Christ in men. Certainly education has no other purpose for knowledge and power but to put them at the service of human good, and the education of the intellect and the heart and the will leads to the development of complete living here.



When my brother and I shall have fulfilled the purpose of human life, we will pass into an unobstructed immortality, as birds remain in their shells until feathered and then out of broken shells they are borne on their wings through the unobstructed air. *This human life is the beginning period;* the completed human structure is the scaffolding for immortal manhood, which belongs to another world. Here are toils, heartaches, prayers, fears, achievements, failures, doubts, imperfections, disagreements, hopes and limitations, but

“ As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God.
 I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh hen flies
 In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
 and the skies.

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.”

If my brother and I had to always remain here in the suburb of life, the disappointment would overwhelm us into unassuaged grief, for the nature of the soul demands a future life as clearly as hunger demands food. The philosophy of the mind proves that it is made for eternity. Personal identity can no more perish than atoms of matter can be destroyed. I feel immortality within me. I am conscious that I am moving towards the other world. Difficulties may hinder me, but when I consider the power of memory to hold the past and the capacity of the mind to penetrate into the future, when I see in every material discovery the prophecy of discoveries in the other world, *when I think of my brother and myself—how costly we have been to God—and when I think of God Himself*, I cannot conceive of such extreme unthrift as the destruction of such wealth of possibilities. Only evil shall fall into decay, but my brother and I shall live forever. The achievement is only half attained in the period of our humanity, neither are the moral laws half realized in this world. A foundation here declares a foundation yonder, for, without eternity, human life is an arch resting upon only one pillow. No: it is impossible. As there must have been another continent to have balanced the old world, and the Genoese mariner set the sails of his crafts for its discovery, so the fact of human life declares our immortality and I have calmly set my program for both worlds.

In spite of our different paths, one in hardship and

the other in ease, one in poverty and another in wealth, one in ignorance and another in knowledge, one in obscurity and another in fame, one from the mountains and another from beside the sea, at the close, my brother and I will be standing on the summit and, out of our vision, the masterpiece of prophecy shall have its resplendent fulfillment, for

" It matters not which road I take, "
How dark or lone it be,—
*I know, O God, 'twill somewhere join
The road that leads to Thee.*

" *I make mistakes, wrong turns I take,—
The right way do not see,—*
Though long and hard I make my road
'Twill join the road to Thee.

" Calm is my soul, my trusting heart
From doubt and fear is free,—
*For soon or late all roads will join
The road that leads to Thee."*

An Evening Prayer



GOD, our heavenly Father, we Thy children come to Thee at the close of the day with our offerings of praise and thanksgiving, for we have constantly been in Thy keepership and all moments have been throbbing with Thy presence, so that the day has been crowded with Thyself; yet we have not always been conscious of Thy nearness and sometimes we have forgotten our obligations to each other, so that our sins have blotted the weary hours since the morning light; but we ask that Thou wouldst cover our transgressions and impart to us Thy strength to supply our want of worth, for we feel within ourselves that our natures are like Thine own. As Thou didst partake of our experience in sending Thy only begotten Son among men, so we can only partake of Thy experience by living Thy life in Christ. Then show us the holiness of brotherly love and the beauty of sacrificing for each other's good; teach us how to forgive every wrong and to remember Thy own perfect grace and pardon; help us to hate a lie, a suspicion and every unbrotherly thought and action; make us free men from the slavery of evil passion and every sinful habit; give to us purity of life, cleanness of heart, humility of spirit, and prepare us for a refreshing sleep by giving to us the consciousness that Thou art still our Father and we are brothers in Christ Jesus, our Lord. Amen.



